

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

A SON OF THE KING.

He stood in the palace courtyard, straight as a poplar, and fair as the golden glow of the sunlight that shone on the marble there.

With a look of proud disdain, he saw at his feet crouched low an old and fear-struck beggar, bent to avoid the blow.

Burning with angry passion, the prince's voice rang free: "How canst thou here in the courtyard, where beggars may not be?"

"Some guardsman must have nodded, that thou wast here in the courtyard, where the guard shall rue his folly, and thou shalt taste the whip!"

Trembling and panting with terror, the old man raised his head: "Yea, strike your blow," he murmured, "What matter if I be dead?"

"Gone is the kingdom's glory if thou canst do the thing! Thou, the Prince of the King! Thou, the son of the King!"

The whip fell from his fingers, the Prince bowed low his head: He raised upright the aged form, in humble accents said:

"Well may the kingdom tremble, when I forget and bring Dishonor on my knighthood and my royal sire, the King!"

"Tis well that thou, the humblest, to me this lesson bring—I dare not be ignoble, I am the son of the King!"

Long, long ago the palace with age was darkened gray, And long the Prince and beggar have slept the years away.

To us the message cometh still true and wondrous clear, And stronger grows and sweeter, as year succeeds year.

We dare not be ignoble! We must be true and great! We dare not be unworthy of our royal, high estate.

Guard, guard o'er word and action, lest ye forget and bring Dishonor on your knighthood, on your royal sire, the King.

For know ye not your station? Then ask each living thing, And hear: "Ye are God's children, the children of the King!"—Isabella R. Hess, in Jewish Messenger.

Jacob Garland's Ghost.

BY PHILIP LITTLE.

"WHAT do I know about ghosts?"

Well, not much, perhaps, but I'll tell you of an experience of a friend of mine, and you can explain it as you like, and the speaker, a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, unwound himself from his chair, walked to the fire, took up a live coal in the tongs, lit his pipe, resettled himself, crossed one leg over the other, and having taken a sip of hot whisky, prepared to commence his tale.

He was one of six or seven seated in front of a great open fire in the kitchen of a smart roadside house, hardly to be dignified with the name inn, in western Missouri. The month was November; it was a dreary, wet, blowy night, and the rain beat against the side of the house heavily.

Now and then a shutter, loosed from its fastenings, banged fitfully, almost complacently, against a window. None of the party moved to make it fast, however, as the warmth of the large fire had charms of a more potent nature.

"As I said," continued the long man, "you can explain it as you choose: I can only tell the story. Landlord—"

"The story, the story," chorused his audience as they drew their chairs in a half circle closer to the fire and the story teller.

"A friend of mine," began the long man quietly, "about a year and a half ago moved himself and family to a small mining town, where he was to take charge as engineer and superintendent of one of the lead mines of the group close by.

"After he had been there a short time there was a call for more hands, so he purchased a large, unoccupied house in a somewhat isolated position, the owner of which had died under suspicious circumstances some years before, and the house had been rapidly rotated. They said the house was haunted. For a long time it had remained unoccupied, and the owner was willing to part with it for a song.

"It had belonged to an old man, Jacob Garland by name, who lived there with his wife and one colored woman named Luenshy. Luenshy's real name was found to be Lucetta Maria Pendleton. The old couple lived a most retired life and Jacob Garland was understood to have accumulated quite a property.

"The house was a somewhat pretentious one, set back from the road and surrounded by a good deal of land. Besides the house there was a small barn, which, however, was empty. Directly back of the house, perhaps an eighth of a mile, was a graveyard.

"The old man was miserly, but no one knew what he did with his money, as there was no bank nearby, and he seldom left home, and then only for a short time.

"He appeared to have no relations, at least none who visited him. One day a stranger appeared in town and inquired for Garland's house. He rode a good looking horse and led another, upon which was strapped his pack. It was evident that he had traveled from a distance. He was tall and well made, with black hair and beard and dark eyes.

"Upon the house being pointed out, he rode up to the door, it was opened by Luenshy, whose black face took on a look of surprise when the stranger spoke. She ushered him in, however, and the door closed on her. After some delay it was again

opened and Garland and the stranger appeared, and proceeded to the barn. The horses were stalled, and Garland and his guest walked back toward the house.

"Once they stopped, and the old man with bent brows, seemed to be saying something unpleasant, but a reply from the other seemed to stop him suddenly, and they moved on. The door closed on them, and that was the last seen of Jacob Garland.

"The next morning Bronxville received a shock, and a severe one. At about seven in the morning the door of Jacob Garland's house was suddenly thrown open, and Luenshy, her eyes protruding, hurried to the sheriff's house. She found that official engaged in the simple but useful occupation of chopping wood in the backyard, but her news brought his work to a sudden end, and hastily donning his coat to emphasize his official status, as it was not a garment he usually wore, he accompanied Luenshy on her return to the Garland home. From her excited words he gathered the following facts:

"The stranger who had arrived the day before was a distant relative of Jacob Garland's, she understood, but belonged to a branch of the family with which he had quarreled. He had supped with Garland and his wife, and then the two men had repaired to a room used by the old man as a den, where he shut himself up at times, and was not disturbed except for meals.

"That evening the door closed on the two and the smell of tobacco made itself apparent later. Garland did not smoke, so it was evident that the relative was making himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

"Mrs. Garland and Luenshy retired at their usual hour, and at that time voices were still to be heard in the room and apparently in amicable conversation. The next morning Luenshy was aroused by her mistress, who said that the old man had not slept in his bed. Together the two women went down stairs, and finding the door of the room closed, knocked timidly at first, then loudly, but without response. Summoning up courage, they opened the door, and there in the dim light, sat Jacob Garland dead, stone dead, with one hand on the table, the other hanging by his side.

"No marks of violence were on the body, but on the table were two tumblers which smelled of whisky, the only difference being that the one next to Garland had, with its smell of spirit, another odor of some foreign substance.

"This was the first real case of mystery which had occurred since Sheriff McGowan's inauguration into office, so he proceeded with as much state and dignity as he could summon upon such short notice. As few people lived in that part of the town, no one had noticed the hurried departure of the colored woman, nor did they meet anyone upon their return.

"Closing the door after him and turning the key solemnly—a quite unnecessary precaution, as no one would have thought of entering the house—he asked to be shown into the room where the body was. The hall into which the front door led ran the entire length of the house, and contained the stairs, a hat rack, on which hung a dilapidated coat and hat, Garland's outdoor apparel, two plain chairs, a long sofa and a small mirror.

"On either side of the hall doors led to four rooms, and it was to the first on the left that Luenshy ushered McGowan. There sat Jacob Garland, eyes staring, jaw dropped, one hand on the table, the other by his side. A small hide-covered trunk was on the table, of the kind used in the eighteenth century, highly studded with brass nails, the lid open, the contents gone. On a slip of paper in front of the trunk, pinned to the table with a small, beautifully made and highly-engraved dagger were the following words in a clear, bold hand:

"The contents of this trunk will be returned to the person from whom they were taken by force, and to whom they rightfully belong. The instrument used at the time is returned. As no one except Jacob Garland and the persons concerned know to whom the contents belong, and as Jacob Garland is dead, there will be no use in attempting to trace or discover the whereabouts of that owner or of the avenger of the wrong."

"Beyond this there was no trace of any description which would lead to even following the perpetrator. There was a mark on the floor of house, stable or ground. The latter was hard and the horses' feet had evidently been covered. He had gone more mysteriously than he had come. His name had not been mentioned by Garland; he had simply referred to him as 'Henry,' and Mrs. Garland had inferred from something that had been dropped in conversation that he belonged to the branch of the family with which Jacob Garland had quarreled.

"Jacob Garland was buried in the old graveyard back of the house. The matter drifted and passed out of men's minds. Mrs. Garland, talking Luenshy with her, moved away, and the house was closed and remained unoccupied for some five years.

"Suddenly Mrs. Garland returned to Bronxville, and with her came Luenshy, apparently no older. Matters went along in their ordinary course, except that the neighbors occasionally dropped in on Mrs. Garland and soon strange stories got about, as stories will.

"The house was haunted. Old Jacob Garland, at night, when all was still and dark, would come from his grave. His steps would be heard tapping along the board walk which led to the front door. Mrs. Garland showed no fear, but simply said: 'Luenshy, let your master in.'

"Luenshy, with all the superstition of her race, would go to the door and open it, her head averted, for her teaching was that one must not look on the face of a departed spirit.

"At another time his steps would be heard descending the stairs. 'Luenshy, let your master out,' would be uttered in the calm tones of Mrs. Garland, and the negress, as before, with head turned away, opened and closed the door on the departing spirit of her dead master.

"After a time Mrs. Garland died. Luenshy disappeared, and the house was once more closed, only this time it bore a sign, 'For sale or to let.' Family after family tried it and gave it up. Finally my friend, as I have said, bought it, and prepared to rent it.

"One, two, three families moved in and moved out. The last one only waited one night, but that was the night of Jacob Garland's spiritual visitation, and it apparently sufficed.

"My friend was in despair. He did not know which way to turn, and when a young blacksmith of powerful frame and steady nerves offered to stop in the house and try to lay the ghost by fair means or foul, his offer was accepted with delight and gratitude.

"The blacksmith, taking with him a lantern, unlighted matches and an ax and shotgun, shut himself into the house, took his post in a small room on the second floor that commanded both flights of stairs, the one to the third floor and attic and the flight leading down to the hall. Here he waited patiently as the hours stole by without a sound.

"Suddenly he is aroused by a gentle step coming from the short attic flight to the third floor. It is the tap of a slippers heel, as had been described by the many occupants. It turns and starts down the second flight toward his hiding place. Slowly but steadily it descends, and a cold, creepy sensation felt for the first time takes possession of our waiting blacksmith.

"Down, down, down, come the steps. Will it enter his room? He can not move hand or foot, and the steps are getting nearer and nearer, more and more distinct, down and yet down, but he cannot stir. The steps pass and commence on the lower stairs. Now or never, he pulls himself together by a supreme effort and succeeds in scratching a match.

"It is a small thing, but it brings relief, and he lights his lantern, seizes his gun, opens the door and flashes the light out on to the staircase. For a moment he sees nothing, but the steps continue to go down. He throws the light on to the stairs, and there, half way down, his astonished eyes light on—what do you think, gentlemen? Nothing more or less than an enormous rattlesnake, slowly making its way toward the open door.

"Such was Jacob Garland's ghost, and as such you may be sure it was quickly laid. The nest was found next morning in the attic, and several young ones followed their parent to another world. It had lived with its families for years up under the eaves, descending only at night, it was said, for water.

"Now, landlord, fill up the glasses again, and let us all drink to Jacob Garland's ghost, and then to bed, for the hour is late. 'To departed spirits.' Good night, one and all, good night."

At breakfast the storm had disappeared, and all nature smiled under the warm autumn sun. Many were the jokes and comments on Jacob Garland's ghost, but Jacob Garland's death remains, and probably will remain forever, unexplained.—Boston Globe.

QUITE BOSTONESQUE.

Bright Boy Was Analytical in His Reading and Had His Doubts.

A clever literary woman has told the following incident, to which she was an eye and ear witness, says the Philadelphia Times, while boarding in a Philadelphia private family—members of the Society of Friends: There was but one child—a boy of eight years—to brighten the household, who, despite his extreme youth, was an omnivorous reader of books. Found seated in a corner one day, with a large open volume across his knees, the following dialogue between the boy and his mother's lady boarder ensued:

"What are you reading, my child?" he was asked.

"Josephus, ma'am," was the answer.

"And do you understand what you read?"

"I think I do," he said.

"But you should read the Bible first, my lad."

"I have read it to the end," was the unexpected reply.

"Indeed! Then perhaps you can tell me what you think of it?"

"I think it a fiction," he said with some emphasis.

Shocked by such an exhibition of unbelief in one of such tender years, the lady rejoined:

"If you think the Bible untrue, will you give me your reason for it?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied with much earnestness. "Do you want me to believe that story about Balaam's ass talking like a human being? It is not possible, because everybody knows that the formation of an ass' throat is very different from the same organ in a man."

This prodigy died in early youth.

Probably the Brother-in-Law Knew. "What was your idea," inquired the customer, "in building your green-houses so close to a baseball park?"

"I didn't know that there was going to be a baseball park here till after I had got them built," the florist answered. "My brother-in-law said it would be a good location, and I took his advice."

"What does your brother-in-law do, may I ask?"

"He's a glazier. You'll find these carnations the finest on the market."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Own Hair Dresser. Mrs. Sweller—Do you employ a private chauffeur?

Mrs. Gotrichkwick—No, I always do up my hair myself.—Ohio State Journal.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.



The Ice Trust—"Is't it about time for you to move on?"

INDIA'S GREAT WEALTH.

It is Large in the Aggregate, But Individuals Are Generally Very Poor.

At a meeting of the Royal Statistical society Dr. Ginsburg read a paper by Mr. F. A. Atkinson, giving "a statistical review of the income and wealth of British India." After referring to a remark made by Lord Curzon in a speech on the Indian budget for 1901-02, to the effect that there had been an increase in the mean income of the inhabitants of India between 1880 and 1898 of less than 11 per cent., and to a statement made by Mr. W. Digby, who criticised Lord Curzon's figures and argued that there had been a diminution of average income of no less than 30 per cent. between the years 1890 and 1900, Mr. Atkinson discussed the question with the view of finding out the true facts, reports the London Times. He said that this could not be done with any great exactitude, because there were no statistics of cultivation in some parts of India before 1892-3, and there were difficulties in regard to the estimated yield.

He divided the population for the purposes of his survey into three classes—agricultural, non-agricultural and those of sufficient or ample means. Having examined the position of the various sections included in the first class, Mr. Atkinson came to the conclusion that the agricultural income of British India increased from 26.4 rupees per head in 1875, to 35.9 rupees per head in 1895, this being an increase of 36.8 per cent. A similar inquiry, the results of which were set forth in great detail, convinced him that the non-agricultural income went up from 28.8 rupees per head in 1875 to 34.1 rupees in 1895, or an increase of 18.4 per cent. As these two classes of persons comprised 97.6 per cent. of the entire population, it might be taken that the average annual income of this great mass of people rose 27.3 rupees in 1875 to 35.2 rupees in 1895, an increase of 28.9 per cent.

In examining the incomes of the third section, Mr. Atkinson gave reasons for doubting the trustworthiness of the income tax returns, which he was unable to accept as a full disclosure of the position of the people, and he made his calculations on a more extended basis. In the result he put the income of this class as a whole at 74 crores of rupees in 1875, and at 113 1/3 crores in 1895. Summarizing the three sections, he arrived at the conclusion that during the 20 years under review the average income rose from 29.5 per cent.—that is to say, from 30.5 rupees per head to 39.5 rupees per head.

Alluding to the wealth of British India, he discussed the monetary situation and the amount of hoards and ornaments which the people had put by, and gave an interesting historical survey for the purpose of forming an estimate of the stock of precious metals which the various conquerors had left in the country after successive raids, and of the amount which from time to time had been imported and allowed to remain in the hands of the people. He reckoned that the amount of the totals of the two stores were, in currency, in 1876, 146 crores of rupees, rising to 223 crores in 1900, and under the second head (hoards and ornaments) 6 crores in 1875, increasing to 8 1/2 crores in 1895. In one of the numerous tables supplementary to the paper there was set out a balance sheet of India which seemed to show that the actual capital wealth, as distinguished from income, per head of the population, increased from 703.8 rupees in 1875 to 986.6 rupees in 1895, or no less than 40.2 per cent. In conclusion, he gave figures to show the great rise in capital investments of recent years. In 1875 the amount was 201,370,000 rupees, in 1894, 539,651,000 rupees, and in 1899 762,269,000 rupees. Mr. Atkinson described this increase as a satisfactory indication that the rise in the exchange value of the rupee had stimulated the supply of capital, the greater portion of which came from England.

Murano's World-Wide Trades. The most limited trade that sends its productions to every land is the making of the so-called venetian glass beads, which are made on the island of Murano. For centuries these beads have been made in one place by the descendants of a few families, yet ever since Europeans began to trade with savage tribes these beads have been an almost universal article of barter, and since the present fashion of long necklaces strung with beads and charms has come into vogue in Europe the trade in them has been more widely extended still, though in recent years imitations of them have been made in Birmingham. Another strictly-confined industry which is the center of a world-wide trade is the cultivation of orris root, which is the basis of most manufactured perfumes. This is confined entirely to the districts round Florence and Verona.—Stray Stories.

How She Was Insulted. Miss Nozzy—Yes, I visited her house last night, but I never will again. She's too insulting. Miss Ascum—You don't say? "Indeed, I do say. Right before all, the company she said: 'Let's have a rubber at whist. Then she asked me to play.'—Philadelphia Press.

More than mere utility suggests the completion of the Panama canal by the American people. There is seemingly a misplaced sentiment among a few against the Panama route, but THERE SHOULD BE A STRONGER SENTIMENT IN ITS FAVOR.

The opposition to the Panama route is not based on a practical motive. All available figures show it to be wrong. The Nicaragua canal would cost more; it would be longer; it would cost more to keep it in order; it would take longer for a ship to pass from one ocean to another through it. But with some Americans these facts seem to count for little or nothing. They prefer the Nicaragua route just as some men prefer brunettes to blondes—for a reason that is unexplainable save for silly sentiment, and a SENTIMENT THAT HAS NOTHING PRACTICAL TO WARRANT ITS EXISTENCE.

What greater work can mark the beginning of this new century than the building, or rather the completion of the Panama canal? Such a work would change the highways of the globe a second time as they were once before changed by the Suez canal. It would add to the great glory of the American people that such a change was made by the strong hand of the American government. What great work can the American people do that will be more for the benefit of the world?

The people of the two greatest republics of the world cherish dreams of an intimate union between the two governments. They would see the sentiment that prompted Lafayette to fight beneath the banners of Washington and the continental army strengthened. What would add a stronger bond of sympathy than the completion by the United States of the great work begun by France. The cutting of the Isthmus of Panama is marked with the imprint of France by the genius of Ferdinand de Lesseps, by a generous illusion of our race, by a sacrifice of our material interests, and even by a tragic crisis in our national life. Why should not America inscribe its name there beside that of France, and the two nations will count in their history another common page.

THIS IS A SENTIMENT WITH A MOTIVE, a motive of international brotherhood, a brotherhood that was begun before the American people could safely count themselves a nation among nations—a dream which France helped them to realize.

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD

Memorial Day Generally Observed In All the Cities of the Country.

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES AT ARLINGTON.

The Postal Employees of Philadelphia Unveil a Magnificent Bronze Bust of the Late President McKinley—Services at Other Points.

Washington, May 31.—Decorations day was observed here perhaps more generally than ever before. The announcement that President Roosevelt would deliver the oration at Arlington brought to that historic city a vast concourse of people, among whom were numbered thousands of veterans who journeyed to the cemetery to honor the memory of their comrades who had died in their country's cause or who, having survived the struggles of 1861 and 1898, had passed since into the great unknown. The local arrangements were in charge of the Department of the Potomac, and included a parade of all the G. A. R. and other patriotic organizations, the decoration of monuments and graves and addresses by men prominent in the affairs of the government.

At Arlington, where the principal exercises were held, a national salute was fired at noon by the Fourth battery, United States field artillery. Music was rendered by the Marine band and by the memorial choir. Upon arriving at Arlington, the procession marched to the tomb of the unknown. During the decoration of the tombs, by the special committee chosen from the different G. A. R. organizations and auxiliary societies, the Marine band played an appropriate selection. The procession then broke up, and the decoration of graves began. A touching feature of the work of decoration was the strewing of flowers over the graves of the confederate dead who lie buried in a section of the cemetery.

BRONZE BUST OF MCKINLEY.

Tribute of the Philadelphia Postal Employees Unveiled.

Philadelphia, May 31.—The feature of the Decoration day exercises in this city was the unveiling of the memorial bronze bust and pedestal erected to the memory of President McKinley by the Philadelphia letter carriers and post office employees.

Postmaster Clayton McMichael received the gift from James O'Sullivan, chairman of the local Letter Carriers' McKinley Memorial association. Former Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith delivered the oration. At the conclusion of which the letter carriers' chorus of 60 voices sang "Lead, Kindly Light." A band of 40 pieces, composed entirely of post office employees, closed the exercises with "The Star Spangled Banner." The bronze bust and pedestal cost over \$39,000, and stands on the first floor in the south corridor of the post office building.

AT KANSAS CITY.

Shaft to Confederate Dead Unveiled at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Kansas City, Mo., May 31.—The principal feature of the Decoration day exercises here was the unveiling at Forest Hill cemetery of an imposing shaft erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy of this city, to the confederate soldiers who died at the battle of Westport, formerly a suburb of Kansas City. It is the first confederate monument ever erected in Kansas City. The day was beautiful, and thousands journeyed to the cemetery, situated seven miles from the center of the city, among them hundreds of confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy from the surrounding country. Mrs. Hugh Miller, president of the local chapter, presided, making a brief address. Thirteen little Daughters of the Confederacy drew aside the veil and the oration was delivered by James B. Gantt, judge of the Missouri supreme court.

At the various cemeteries, G. A. R. veterans decorated the graves of the Union soldiers, and a detail of the state militia did like service at the graves of those who died in the Spanish-American war.

THE DAY AT ST. LOUIS.

Cloudy Skies Could Not Prevent the Customary Tribute.

St. Louis, May 31.—Despite the lowering clouds, which constrained many to remain indoors, the veterans paid their annual tribute to their fallen comrades in the various cemeteries. The parade feature was lacking but the services at the cemeteries were none the less impressive, those at the national cemetery at Jefferson Barracks being, as usual, the most largely attended.

At the Tomb of McKinley.

Canton, N. J., May 31.—Many beautiful floral offerings to be placed upon the tomb of the late President McKinley were received here Thursday night and yesterday, including a large crate of choice flowers from the White House at Washington. Mrs. McKinley took the flowers to West lawn and had them arranged about the tomb.

The G. A. R. placed at his tomb the flag of the order and a cluster of flowers taken at random from the supply provided for all their dead comrades.

At the Tomb of Grant.

New York, May 31.—Memorial services were held yesterday afternoon at Grant's tomb in the presence of 5,000 people. The exercises were conducted by U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn. "America" was sung and Lincoln's Gettysburg address was read. Judge Thomas G. Jones, of the United States district court of Alabama then was introduced and delivered the oration.

President Roosevelt sent a wreath of roses and the Chinese minister, Wu Ting-fang, a bed of roses.

CROP CONDITIONS IN MISSOURI.

Damage From Heavy Rains Reported and Planting Delayed—Fruit Prospects.

Section Director A. E. Hackett of the United States weather bureau, on the 27th, issued the following weekly crop report:

Unusually warm weather has continued throughout the state, with frequent showers in the northern, central and western sections, but in portions of the southeast section the week has been dry. The total rainfall for the seven days ending May 24 exceeded 1 inch over most of the northwestern, and in many of the central and southwestern counties it ranged from 1 to over 4 inches, while in a few localities it even exceeded 6 inches.

Although some damage has been done by the washing of rolling land and the overflying of small streams, the heavy rains have been of incalculable benefit, the soil being now thoroughly moistened to a considerable depth. In a number of the southeastern counties, where the rainfall was light, wheat, oats, grasses and other growing crops are now suffering seriously from drought, some localities having received no rain of any consequence for several weeks.

In several of the northern counties considerable damage was done by local hailstorms. In a majority of the northern and west-central counties the cultivation of corn has been prevented by the rains, and in some districts the fields are becoming weedy. Elsewhere cultivation has progressed favorably, and the crop is making good progress in all sections. Planting is not quite completed in some of the northern counties, and considerable replanting will be necessary in some districts on account of washouts and damage by cutworms.

Cotton in the southeastern counties is growing well, as are also melons. Some melons have been laid by. Flax in the southwestern counties is doing finely, except in portions of Henry and Jackson counties. Wheat is suffering for rain in some of the southeastern counties, but elsewhere it continues exceptionally promising as a rule, though there is some complaint that it is lodging on rich ground, and in a few of the southwestern counties rust has appeared.

Oats are not doing well in some localities, but in general the progress has been very satisfactory and the earliest are now heading. Reports regarding meadows indicate that while more than an average yield of hay is promised in many localities the crop as a rule will be light. The acreage was considerably reduced as a result of last season's drought and in many of the old meadows is thin, permitting the growth of weeds. Alfalfa is doing well. Considerable millet has been sown. Pastures are in excellent condition, except in a few of the southeastern counties. Potatoes and gardens are doing finely, except in some of the southeastern counties, where they are suffering from drought.

Apples promise a fair to good crop in some districts, but in sections the crop will be light. Many orchards in the central and northern counties have been completely stripped of foliage by caterpillars, and in the southern sections there is considerable complaint of dropping. Peaches will be a good crop in most of the extreme southern counties.

Tussle with a Telephone. "Number, please!" The dulcet tones of the invisible "hello" girl thrilled the query into the waiting ear of the wag at the other end of the circuit.

"Give me two pairs of aces," came the answer.

"Do you think you're playing draw poker?" interrogated the girl at "Central."

"Certainly not," was the reply. "I'm calling a telephone number. Kindly let me have four ones."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the operator. "Can't you make your call clearer?"

"I'm doing the best I know how. Can you connect me with one, one, one, one?"

"Guess you've got the wrong number; try again."

"No, I haven't; it's in the book. Maybe you specify it as eleven, eleven, eleven."

"No, I can't," came the sharp reply. I have no time to wait. If you can't be more explicit you had better send a telegram."

"Why do you have such nonsensical numbers in your old book if you can't understand them?" argued the caller. "Here it is as plain as day—four ones in succession."

"Oh, you mean one, one, double one. Why didn't you say so? I'll connect you."

"Don't bother. I just wanted to discover how you called for that strange collection of figures. Good-by."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Fifty Years a Minister. Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the ministry of the Episcopal church.

Next Year at Lexington, Va. The southern Presbyterian general assembly concluded its session at Jackson, Miss., and adjourned to meet next year at Lexington, Va.

Death of a Railway President. E. C. Spaulding, vice-president of the Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern railroad, died at his home in Atlanta, Ga., of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Fire at Wesson, Miss. Fire at Wesson, Miss., destroyed J. T. Suddath's grocery, J. Wellman's grocery and W. S. Wellman's general store, entailing a loss of \$5,000.

Fireman Killed. Louis Roth, a fireman on the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Gulf railroad, was killed in a wreck, caused by a runaway car, near Ruston, La.

Tennessee Farmer Robbed. Burglars entered the home of Jonathan White, a wealthy farmer, near Jackson, Tenn., and stole \$850.